The Bystander, March 31, 1915.—No. 591. Vol. XLV.

The BYSTANDER

Photograph *Sarony*

LADY NEWBOROUGH

Whose husband, Lord Newborough, has just received a commission in the Durham Light Infantry. He was formerly a Lieutenant in the Denbighshire Imperial Yeomanry.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

EMPIRE. THE VINE, PHYLLIS BEDELLS, Etc. FARREN and CRISPI in "STAGE STRUCK." Grand National. Varieties at 8. Matinée, Saturday 2.30. (reduced prices). Tel. Ger. 3527. General Manager, CHARLES B. COCHRAN.

COLISEUM, CHARING CROSS. Twice Daily, 2.30 and 8. Mlle. ADELINE GENÉE IN "BUTTERFLIES AND ROSES," Mlle. POLAIRE, FLORENCE SMITHSON, WILL EVANS, BERT COOTE. 7541 Ger.

LONDON HIPPODROME. Twice Daily, 2.30 and 8.30 p.m. New Revue, "BUSINESS AS USUAL," VIOLET LORAINE, UNITY MORE, WINIFRED ELLICE, HARRY TATE, MORRIS HARVEY, AMBROSE THORNE, HENRI LEONI. Ger. 650.

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Bystander War Comments

THE LOGIC OF CHEERFULNESS

Should We Be Optimistic?

THE BYSTANDER is being attacked by certain of its readers for its optimism. The readers in question do not base their attacks on any one sentence in anything written. They gather from glancing cursorily at our columns that we are cheerful, and they think it the duty of the journalist, who is, in these days of greater deeds, presumed to be a sort of Uriah Heep, to write always 'umbly.

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The Journalist's Duty

It happens that much of the "copy" written in this and other journals just now is scribbled in spare time and in the reverse of comfort, by men who are doing their country's work with the best of them. But even if it were not, we deny that the journalist is called on to write only in a minor key. He writes what he believes to be the average mood of the average man, who, at the present moment, is serving his country, and if that mood be a cheerful one, the journalist is right in reflecting it wherever he may happen to be sitting as he writes.

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Cheerfulness in the Services

We believe that the mood of nearly every Briton in the service of his country, afloat, ashore, or in the air, *is* cheerful, even while in the very jaws of death, and to impose on the citizen the obligation to forego all his ordinary natural diversions is to strain the national power of endurance to breaking point. Armies simply will not be able to fight their best if they feel that the people they are fighting for are a dismal crowd of long-faced melancholics. The hope of home—and of peace—is the one thing that sustains life in those dreadful trenches, and what sort of service are the Dismal Jimmies performing to the absent ones if they are fouling the nest, robbing home of everything that makes home dear to their dreams?

Necessary Limitations

We have pleaded that English life should proceed as nearly to the normal as the exigencies of war permit. That is not to say that Society and sport-lovers should proceed with organised programmes just as if there were nothing better to do than to amuse oneself. To suggest that would be sheer idiocy, simply because one can see for oneself that Society and the sportsman are otherwise engaged. But from the mere holding of the usual affairs it does not follow, as some fatuous people seem to have supposed, that the usual conditions will prevail. A Derby in 1915 can in no conceivable circumstances be the Derby as it was in 1914. The elements that make an ordinary Derby will only be there in phantasm.

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Derby Day Ethics

But the Derby is a symbol of national British life, and if there are those in the country on Derby Day who ordinarily love a day's good racing—men home from the trenches, or on the eve of going to them—their womenfolk and over-age menfolk ought not to be forbidden the pleasure of joining them in a picnic, if one feels in the picnic humour, and the sun is in the heavens.

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Cheerfulness Justified

The fact that Englishmen are cheerful may not prove that cheerfulness is logically justifiable. So will say the critic. I venture boldly to say that cheerfulness is always justifiable. It is not in the power of most of us to grasp the war situation by land and by sea in all its world-wide strategic potentialities, and should we be so very much the better if it were?

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The Ever-Changing View-Point

Every week some surprise springs upon us which changes the scheme of things. The sinking of unexpected battleships in the Narrows, the fall of the

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

A Khaki Lincoln

JUSTIFIES THE DECISION OF THE JOCKEY CLUB TO "CARRY ON"

SOLDIERS WERE MUCH IN EVIDENCE ALONG THE RAILS

unexpected Premysl, the taking of an unexpected German position — those things alone show that it is impossible for the situation of one week to be viewed in the same light as the situation of another. We have constantly to be changing our view-point.

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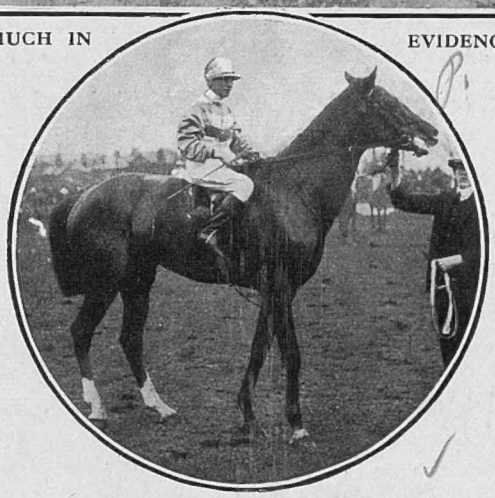
A Safe Prescription

There is nothing in the situation to compel a perpetual mood either of gaiety or of gloom. Our moods are in process of constant readjustment to changing circumstances. If THE BYSTANDER prescribes cheerfulness, it is because it is a good all-round safe and workable mood, guaranteed to resist all psychological weathers, durable until the crack of doom, and, above all, well-calculated to suit the British temperament at all seasons.



MR. F. STRAKER'S VIEW LAW

The winner of the Lincolnshire Handicap

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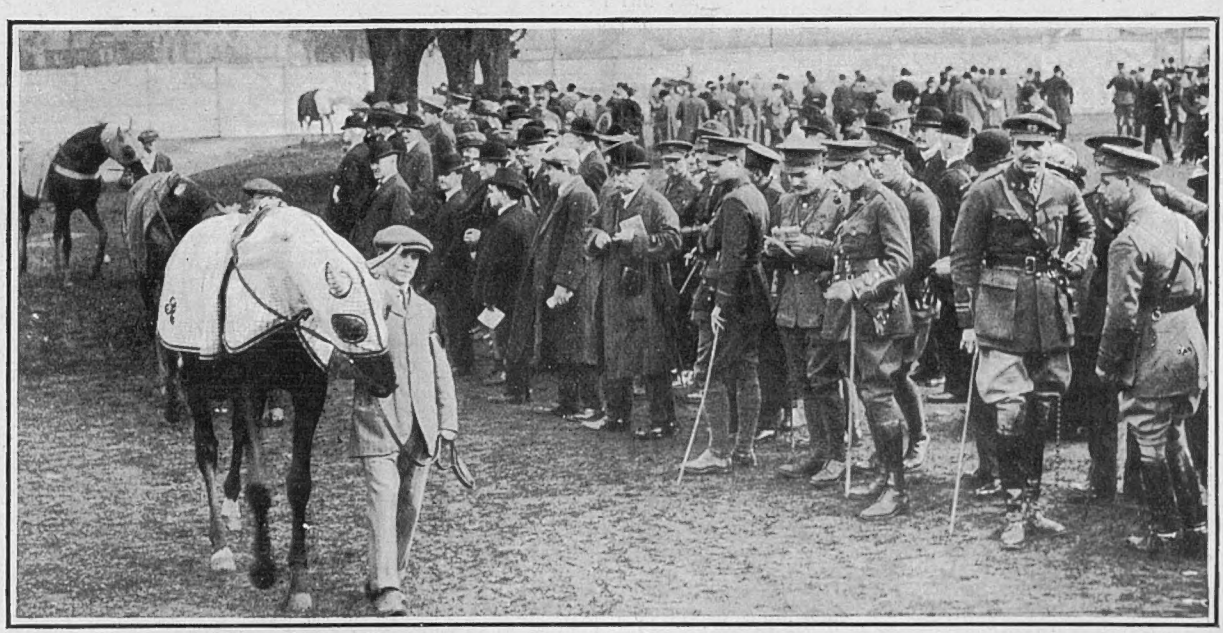
Who Are the Arbiters?

Why steep ourselves too much in strategy? Is strategy the only decisive factor in warfare? Do the soldiers and the sailors always settle the issues of wars? As war is made in the first instance by the rulers of peoples, so by them is peace made. It lies



ARMY OFFICERS IN THE PADDOCK WATCHING THE PARADE BEFORE THE BIG RACE

The salient feature of the racing at Lincoln last week was the prevalence of khaki both in the enclosures and outside them, a proof that in deciding not to put a stop to racing the Jockey Club were right—so far, at any rate, as concerns the men who matter most at the present time. If there were some shirkers among the crowd their number was almost negligible. Another feature of the meeting was that the big race was won by a favourite—just by way of a change—and by a Northern horse, which is also somewhat of a rare occurrence at Lincoln

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

with them, not with Generalissimos, to decide when war has done its best, or its worst, to settle or to unsettle the problems on which it was called on to arbitrate.

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The Sporting Chance

At a given moment those who called upon War—we know well enough who they were—may be induced by a reserve of human wisdom to see that continuance is futile. That moment may come soon or it may come late. But as a believer that there *is* human wisdom hidden away somewhere at the back of even the Prussian militarist mind, I have lively hopes that it will be soon, and in backing CHEERFULNESS in THE BYSTANDER we have at least as good a sporting chance of backing a winner as those whose fancy, on a long course, is for the dark horse called DESPONDENCY.

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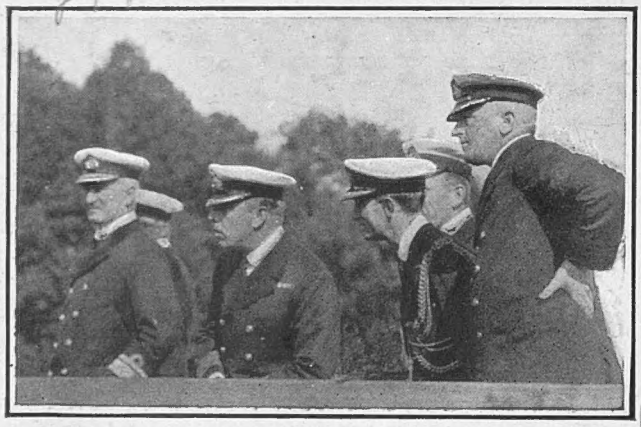
France on the "As Usual" Attitude

As to the opinion of our Allies on the "as usual" attitude of England, I got from an officer just over from Paris a view of the case that seems, somehow, to have missed those who have written to the papers on this subject:

"French people are not offended. They merely don't quite understand when they are told that life in London goes on more or less as usual. The world, they say, is at war. War is everything. War is life, as it is death. In France everybody is engaged in the fashionable pursuit of Bosche-killing, and for England not to be equally thorough in the same occupation is thought to be an offence against *la Mode*. It shows you to dwell outside the charmed circle. It isn't that Paris *minds* how you choose to amuse yourselves over here: she is merely mystified at the thought that you can be content with such *démodés* amusements of the pre-war period as bridge, the theatre, night clubs, and race meetings."



THE ALLIES' NEW LEADER IN THE DARDANELLES

Vice-Admiral John de Robeck (on the extreme left) who on March 16 took over the supreme command in the Dardanelles from Vice-Admiral Carden, who has been incapacitated by illness. He is here seen with his officers at an inspection of marines

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England's Isolation

The point of view is at least original, and worth a hundred of the lucubrations of Dismal James. The fact is, however, that in the geography of Europe we *are* a little out of the centre. Ours *is* a suburb of Europe, a beautiful, elegant one if you like, but a suburb nevertheless, unable, by reason of distance, to share to the full the "delights" of metropolitanism. If a person's estate, in which he is bound to dwell, lies outside the four-mile radius, he is guilty only of snobbism if he attempts to pretend it does not, and he is foolish if he seeks, against the laws of geography, to lead an entirely central life.

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Points to be Remembered

Britain's interest in the European struggle—as distinct from the world struggle—is a detached one. She is contributing all, or most, that she has to *help* her Allies to win, and it looks as though her help has proved decisive. But we ought not to forget that the quarrel, in the first instance, was none of ours, and that, had we been the mean-spirited, self-seeking shopkeeping race that we are accused of being, it would have *paid* us a good deal more, in the strictly commercial sense of the word, to have kept out of it as *la bella Italia* has hitherto done. When a man has thrown himself into a quarrel, in order to help save a friend whom he thought to be unfairly attacked, he is inclined to be resentful if he is told that it was his quarrel, and therefore, that it was his life that had been saved by the other fellow.

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A Spring Crop

One of the surprises of the war year is the appearance in the middle of it of a whole crop of new publications. London has yet another halfpenny new evening paper, *The Echo*, and appears to like it. Then the Sabbath calm has been invaded yet further by two rival Sunday picture papers. That the public likes news pictures Fleet Street has profitable reason to know full well; but that it wanted them on Sunday I would not have suspected. The producers, however, talk of millions of readers, and they of course know. Popular weekly journalism has a newcomer in the *Passing Show* (price one penny), in which satirical war humour finds the chief place. Its arrival is timely evidence of improving taste on the part of the proletariat, which I hope will be confirmed by success. Lastly, welcome to *Foreign Opinion*, a weekly journal which reproduces the opinions on the war of other countries. This should prove a veritable "winner."

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The Fashionable Question

The events of the week have been many. That which most attracted the purely British public was the sinking, at last, of the U29, the crew of which, having gained fame by clean rather than dirty work, would, if captured alive, have been treated as gentlemen. They sank ships, but did not allow merchant sailors to drown. From the European standpoint, the event was, of course, the fall of Premysl (as the Russian conquest mercifully enables us to call it). The number of captives makes the capitulation the second greatest in history, the first place falling to Metz. Yet with the cynical way that is ours, most of us only asked each other "What next?" We began to talk about the Dukla Pass, the Carpathians, and to look up Budapest on the map. *L'appétit vient en mangeant.* One victory must be always followed by another.

"Some" Change

TURKEY: "Pots-millah und Bis-tausend!! The glass going up!! That means 'Fine weather' and those beastly Fleets at work again!! Looks as if I shall be 'SETTLED FAIR'!!!"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded from page 440)

A Timely Speech

Another event of very great interest was the speech by Sir Edward Grey. His utterances since the war have been few and far between, but this one was timely. It reminded us of what was the diplomatic situation before the war, and contained, some people thought, more than a hint that it might be possible, even now, to pick up the threads where they were then. Grey proposed a conference then: why not the same conference now?

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Through French Glasses

The third event of interest was the publication of the French official version of the war. This is an interesting document, chiefly because of its exclusively French view of the campaign. The British are mentioned occasionally—being generally represented as in difficulties from which they were extricated by the resourceful French. Our share in the Battle of the Marne is duly credited to us. But I cannot find any trace of the Battle of Ypres being regarded by the French as it has been claimed by us—as the greatest British victory in history.

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The Dominant Impression

The French version only mentions ourselves in connection with the loss of four positions outside Ypres, which loss caused the front of the Allies to be "all the more difficult to defend." All through it appears to suggest the inadequacy of our forces to their task. But that defect is by now—is it not?—fully remedied. If not, dare one say that it ought to be, in view of the fact that over a million recruits have been in training since the autumn?

EARL PERCY

Who, it is announced, has succeeded Colonel Swinton as the official Eye-Witness at the Front

A Chance Lost

The Germans have discovered, after eight months, that Lord Kitchener lacks the knowledge of "psychology." What a pity we are at war, and that his Lordship can't study the subject from the lips of the Professors who provided Germany with the "facts" as to the mentality of other countries on which she planned her campaign!

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A Hint to the New Eye-Witness

Earl Percy is announced to be the new Eye-Witness in place of Colonel Swinton. May he be induced to confine himself as far as possible to facts, and to spare us the morals? Those we are able to divine for ourselves, and, if we fail, the British Press won't be likely to allow us to overlook them. The moral, for instance, that we need more men. . . .

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One or Two "Ifs"

Of course, the Navy will get through the 'Nelles. It would never have undertaken such a task without certain confidence of success. If it did—well, I suppose there will be some discussions on these things when Parliament meets. A frequent topic is, of course, exactly what *would* be the effect of the capture of Constantinople on the whole campaign. Everything seems to depend on whether or not we have the near eastern neutrals with us. If we have, then it will be Berlin (or that way); if we have not, then I don't quite know what it will be.

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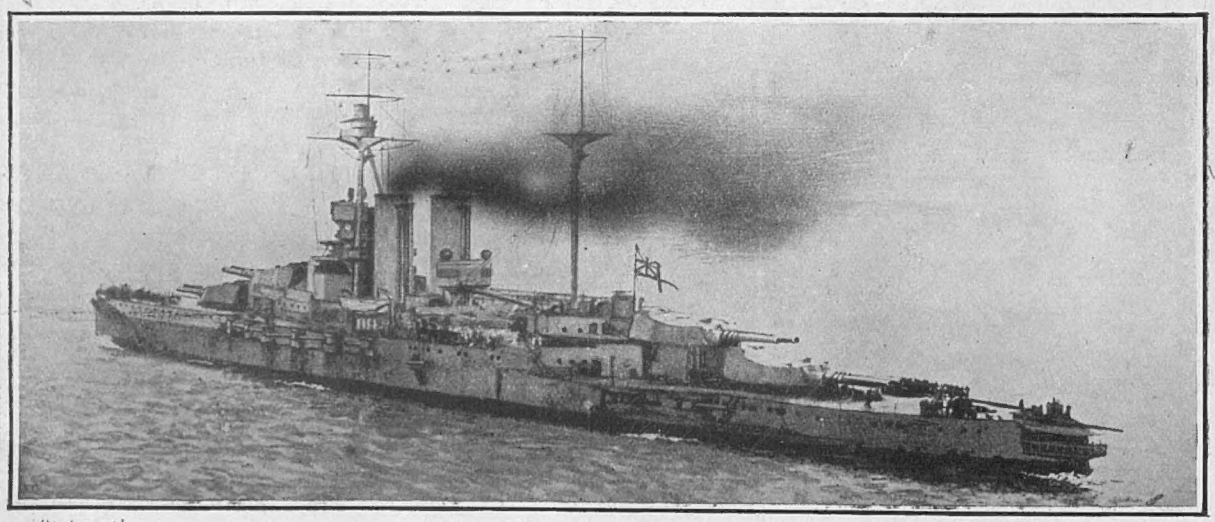
Our Belgian Toy Fund

I have very much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of a packing-case of toys for the little Belgian refugees from some thoughtful and kind children in Duncan, Vancouver Island, who may be sure of their grateful thanks.

Only the First of Many

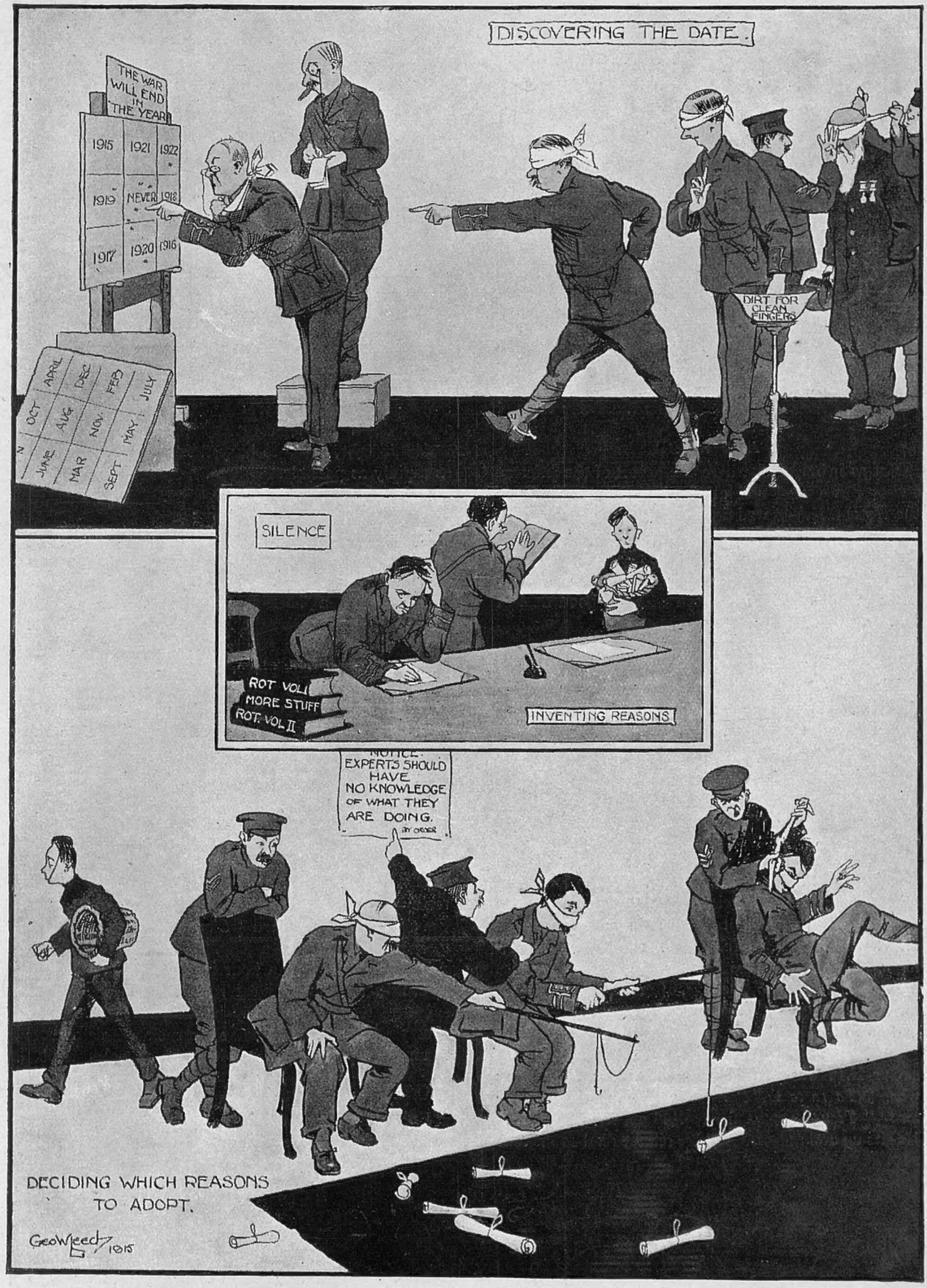


Photograph *Abrahams, Devonport*

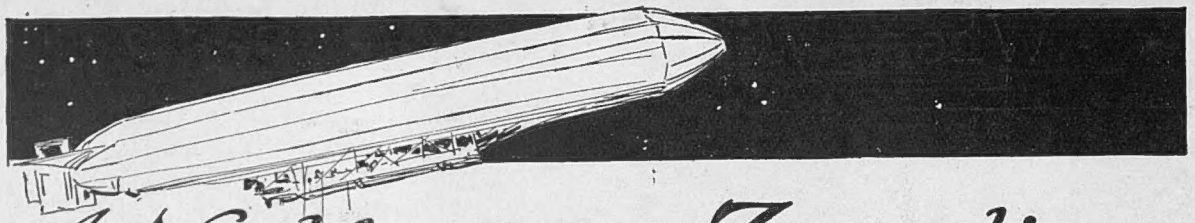
H.M.S. QUEEN ELIZABETH

The "Queen Elizabeth," the first of her class to be completed, which has been making history in the Dardanelles, has four sister ships building. There are, moreover, also building five more similar vessels of slower speed but of heavier tonnage, and carrying ten instead of eight 15-in. guns. If the doings of one such vessel have created such a furore, what will the excitement be like when the rest come along?

When Will The War End?



MILITARY EXPERTS DECIDING WHEN THE WAR WILL END AND WHY



A Night with the Zeppelins

AS PERSONALLY EXPERIENCED BY THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS

"Some" Sleepers

EVERYBODY will tell a different story of his experiences on the famous night the Zeppelins elected to pay Paris a nocturnal visit—some have nothing to tell, for they slept peacefully through the whole of what, to my mind, was a somewhat gruesome adventure. How, with all the Paris guns booming at the same time, they could do this is beyond my comprehension! Some people must live asleep!

At Our Hotel

Not so in our hotel, where the aspect of the different guests was varied and at times ludicrous. Imagine the Hotel d'X, situated near the Étoile, and not so far from the Eiffel Tower. Saturday nights the "clients" remain out later than usual, so the night porter, about 9.30, settles himself down to a quiet little game of cards in his *loge*, and between whiles a good deal of *bock* is consumed.

The Night Porter's Card-Party

His companions are the *maître d'hôtel*, the *valet de chambre* of the Prince, and a stray Englishman stopping in the hotel. I fancy that at home he would not be found playing cards with his hall-porter and a valet, but in Paris *c'est bien différent*, and he is in the Republic, where *l'on s'amuse*. About twelve the hall-porter's companions leave him for their respective beds, and he himself begins to feel sleepy, closes up the principal swing door of the hotel, dons his little skull cap, which for some reason unknown this class of Frenchman always wears, and prepares to doze in a comfortable armchair. Between 12.30 and 1 on the Zeppelin night he pulled the cordon for the last time that night. The Russian Princess, after a fruitless search for an absent friend, had decided to return to the hotel and go to bed.

The Alarm

Our N.P. was just beginning to feel really happy when "*Ta ra ta ta*," "*É-on-é-on*" rang through the air! "*Tiens, tiens*, a fire! But no, it cannot be." He sits up and reflects. Where had he read about that noise in the middle of the night meaning something? He tries in vain to refresh his faulty memory. Useless! All is silence! One eye closes, then the other. He begins to drop off again. His sleep is short-lived. This time a terrific "bang-bang, ping-ping, ping—bang-bang" shakes the hotel to its very foundations. From every direction comes the sound of doors opening, questioning voices, nervous queries, frightened screams, and the scuttling of rudely awakened dishevelled guests down the long corridors, with candles that wouldn't light, ready to bury themselves in the cellar as rapidly as possible.

A Nightmare

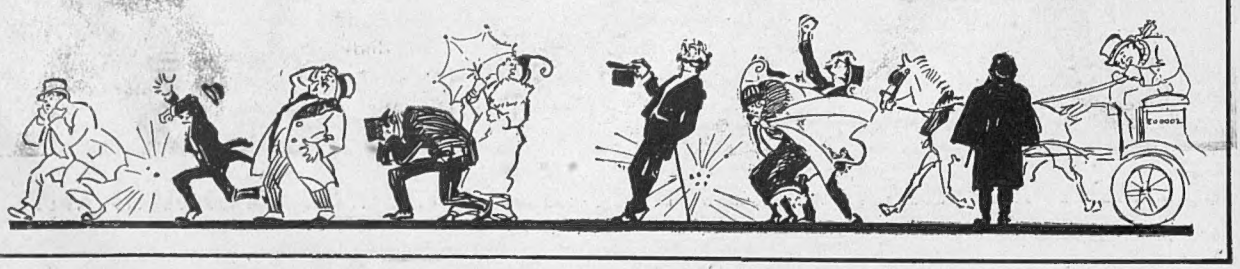
I, personally, was one among the many who, having gone to bed late and tired, had not heard the firemen's call, known as the *garde à vous*, and so came out of what seemed a horrible *cauchemar!* Boom after boom succeeded each other. It was useless to move. I fully expected the hotel to crumble about me as each detonation took place.

Costumes Various

Then came a deathly silence. . . . And then the courage to slip into a few clothes, which I felt for in the dark, and a pair of slippers, and to grope my way down into the hall. What a spectacle met my gaze! People in hats, people without hats, some in dressing-gowns and others in pyjamas, all holding mysterious little packages or bags in their hands, which I took to be the family wealth. At that hour, *i.e.*, 1.45 a.m., nobody really believed that the Zeppelins were upon us. On every side one heard "*C'est de la blague*," which means "Oh! it's just a joke," to test the Parisians! After shivering half an hour in the cold I decided to return to bed, but almost relented half-way at the sound of a dog mournfully howling in the darkened courtyard below. This animal struck a sinister note in an atmosphere already laden with apprehension!

The Second Act

I was just falling off to sleep when another terrific cannonade sent me flying down the corridor at



Strange Scenes in an Hotel

break-neck speed. This time everybody fled from their rooms, and the question was "*Monter ou descendre?*" I decided to *monter*, and found myself before I knew where I was on the top storey with maids and the boy who cleans my boots. The whole sky was illuminated, and the Zeppelin was above us, a glowing transparent cigar-shaped form. Flash after flash from the guns sped towards it. But it sailed on unconcernedly.

"The whole sky was illuminated, and the Zeppelin was above us"

Contrasts

Having seen on the roof all I desired, I decided to make an excursion to the cellar—"*Quelle vue.*" A long wooden table on which several of the guests were seated—Americans, who in the daytime are the essence of smartness, looked the most woebegone creatures on earth! One girl was lying full-length on the table asleep. Above her head, by the candle light, I saw bunches of bananas and strings of sausages hanging. Huddled in a chair sat the Russian Princess with all her jewels on, wrapped in gorgeous furs and with bare feet! A woman well-known in London Society had a beautiful lace *mantilla* over her head, and was wearing a Red Cross cloak. On the floor, quite unconscious, a cat was playing with her two kittens! We sat there in the cold, or, at least, I did, till 3.30 a.m. I then mounted, and found several others—braver than the rest—in the street. A Swedish Baroness had borrowed a British Army coat and cap, and was smoking cigarettes on the pavement.

The Finale

I inquired for Prince ——. I was told that he, the descendant of the great little Emperor, was comfortably in his bed, and refused to be disturbed! Royal *insouciance!* By the way, His Highness was very angry next day that the Zeps had not been brought down! For the second time I decided to return to bed, only an hour after to be aroused again by the trumpeting of the firemen! Again, I fled scantily clad down the corridor. This time I was met by the clients returning to their rooms. The Zeps had departed. Paris could now sleep in safety.

"The Russian Princess with all her jewels on, wrapped in gorgeous furs!"

Interesting detail. At 8.30 a.m. the porter deputed to clean the hall discovered an elegant corset in pink silk hanging over one of the chairs! It was found to have been left in the scramble by the Russian Princess!

"Above her head, by the candle light, I saw bunches of bananas and strings of sausages hanging"

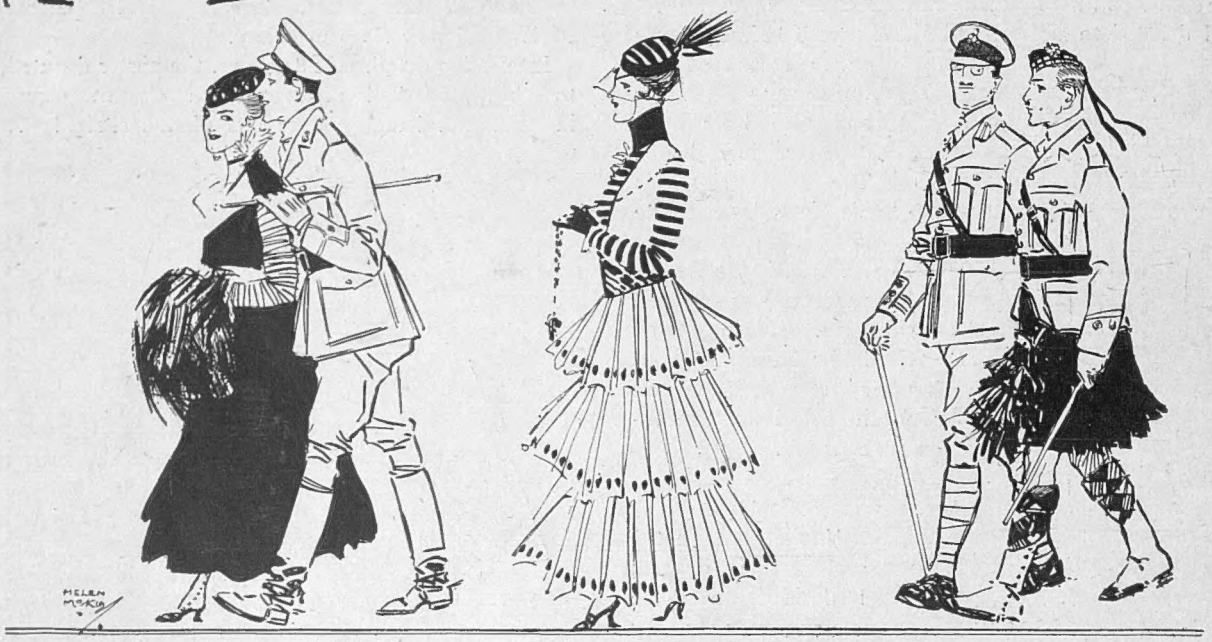
Paris in Darkness Again

We have, alas! had little peace since this eventful night. A second time we have been alarmed and Paris has been darkened, and one has had such weird experiences as travelling in complete darkness in the underground and stumbling home through streets where no glimmer of light is to be seen. There are, of course, windows where lights appear mysteriously, and which we immediately think are the work of spies! *Enfin!* We are all still alive, but a visit by day would be preferable to one by night.

"His Highness was very angry next day that the Zeps had not been brought down!"

The attitude "as usual" of the boy in buttons

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"



"Spring arrived in the Park last Sunday week, and what with all the brand-new khaki-men and all the very new frocks it didn't look like a war-time début"

A LETTER FROM "BLANCHE" TO A COUSIN IN THE COLONIES

LONDON, *March* 29, 1915

DEAR COUSIN—

SPRING, Spring, beautiful Spring—it's here, really and truly here, and sweet as only Spring in England can be—even in war-time. It arrived in the Park last Sunday week. There was hardly room for the Pekineses, such a crowd had come to greet it. And what with all the brand-new khaki-men and all the very new frocks and the crocuses in the grass and the rabbits in the dell and the almond blossom and the "Row, Row, Row" on the Serpentine—well, it didn't *look* like a war-time *début*, not till a line of dirty, dusty, armoured cars came hurtling through, anyway.

* * *

Nature takes no account of even war, and she's as busy as ever with her yearly work of re-clothing the world in a soft green gown of ravishing beauty—except, I suppose, in those dreary and desolate places that the fires of war have scorched and blasted. And even there she is trying her hardest, and not altogether vainly—you can see catkins on the trees and buds on the bushes even here and there in the firing line, so they tell me.

* * *

The people who look after the wounded at the front have been through some pretty bad times. In the first month of the war the losses in the R.A.M.C. were awfully heavy—the Germans, who turn machine-guns on our wounded and bayonet them as they lie between the trenches, naturally don't take any particular trouble to distinguish the unarmed ambulance men from the fighters.

* * *

We're giving them rather less chance now to exercise this particular branch of warfare as made in Germany. The R.A.M.C. only go out at night now to pick up the wounded. Which means that our poor men, thanks to German *Kultur*, have to lie out there in the open sometimes for as much as twelve hours on end, and perhaps bleed to death before any help can reach them.

* * *

Which reminds me—we don't give an awful lot of consideration, do we, to the point of view of the poor, eager, enthusiastic amateur nurse? D'you know there are 50,000 women in England—now, who have studied First Aid and Sick Nursing and only some 25,000 convalescent soldiers in the country for them to help to convalesce?

* * *

Really, when you come to think of it, the voluntary workers are sacrificing a good deal for the soldiers' wives aforesaid—perhaps sometimes rather more than is necessary, or even wise. The thought struck me forcibly the other afternoon, when I, with two other "lady helpers," was busily engaged in nursing and placating and amusing a number of distinctly grubby infants in a none too comfy *crêche* while their mothers, freed from all domestic cares, played many cosy rubbers of whist in the comfortable club sitting-room.

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When the pangs of hunger in due course assailed our "wives"—who put the kettle on for tea? Who cut the bread and spread on butter with an almost fastidious evenness? Who prepared the welcome tray? Who carried it upstairs and placed the refreshing beverage by their sides so they might put their lips to it when so dispoged, receiving the humble copper in exchange? Why, we—the criticised and sniffed at voluntary workers.

(*Continued on page 448*)

Looking Away From the Tempter

A snapshot of the Kaiser and the King of Italy—taken on the occasion of their last formal meeting—which is of special interest at the present time, when it would seem that the King of Italy is thinking—if he is not actually saying—"Get thee behind me ——!"

Still, even if here and there we carry our desire to "do something" perhaps just a shade too far, there's no doubt, is there, that the war and all it means and what it has brought will simply be the making of many women? It's not, perhaps, always been altogether their own fault—but oh, the appalling aimlessness and emptiness and fatuity of so many of their lives!

* * *

Now, there's simply no excuse whatever for anyone, even the brainless ones, to lead empty lives any longer. Especially since we're no longer merely voluntary workers. Like the men volunteers we've been "recognised" by the Government, and not only "recognised," but actually asked to do men's work (at woman's pay, of course!), and to register our names as people who are ready to take a real official part in the mighty effort England's got to make.

* * *

Which rather takes the ground away from under the fairy feet of the shirkers, doesn't it? Now's the chance for all women, young and otherwise, to prove their mettle—'specially those who've been pathetically wailing for the chance of a career, but who, pressed on the point, have come down to a vague aspiration to be "a companion or something." As Lady Frances Balfour says, the women who'll have to answer questions in future won't be the ones who are working, but the ones who aren't, and the question will be—Why Not?

* * *

I don't think, though, all the same, that there's *very* much danger of our losing our femininity—word beloved of the Victorians—in the process. Not as far as our weakness for frocks and frills goes, anyway. I've just been reading that "an attempt's to be made to persuade the smart *mondaine* to adopt "decorative socks," and that, consequently, the great beauty specialists are making a feature of a liquid powder for "touching-up the legs" thus left exposed. Also, that "frills for the legs" made of lace and finished off with a tiny rosebud and diamond clasps, and worn with high-heeled brocade shoes, price nine guineas a pair, will be in request with all "essentially womanly" women.

* * *

There's a lot of talk, of course, about the wickedness of changing the fashions in the middle of the war—by the way, the Paris people say the new ones were planned long before it. But we seem to be taking to them all the same, like ducks to water. There's a positive rush every day to the big dressmakers and people to order the six-yards-round skirts and the weird, wild, wonderful high collars, and things that bulge out where they used to go in and hide "the line" where they used to show it off.

"We aren't really looking like inverted tops yet, you know, but there's no knowing what we may do"

All the same, there's been a simply awful lot of exaggeration about these same new fashions and wide skirts. We aren't *really* looking like inverted tops *yet*, you know, though there's no knowing what we *may* do, of course. I'm told that all the really startling new gowns are going to America, and it's only the American women, too, who are ordering any of those wonderful and priceless evening gowns that give the really top-hole extravagant woman most scope for the chucking about of her money.

* * *

In Paris and London, it seems, we're going to be let down easily, being war-time and all, and, really, it's a quite modified form of last words in skirts that we're adopting. But even at its most modified it's vastly inferior to the simple, clinging, and, above all, youthful one of the last year or two, which made even the ugly ones look nice, or, anyway, passable.

* * *

Practically nothing but tailor-mades, too, are being bought. You see, there really won't be much opportunity for wearing anything else, not for a long time ahead, anyway. Big dances and evening shows are "off," and so are the great occasions when people used to blossom out into rival galaxies of gowns like the Lords' cricket matches and Ascot and Goodwood, not to mention all the various other daytime functions of the season.

* * *

Ascot, like Epsom, you know, so it's been decided by the decree of the Jockey Club after any amount of chat—men *are* such chatterers, aren't they?—is going to be held on the same lines as if there were Court mourning, and probably a little more so. None of the usual competition in frocks and hats and sunshades—in fact, I don't suppose any of the best people, the women, anyway, will turn up at all.

* * *

Smart lunches on coaches and in tapestried tents and on miniature lawns will also be "off," so will the Royal procession, and the band, and the strawberries and cream and the flowers. In a word, there'll be none of the frills of a meeting in which the frills have always been the chief and most important part. So I suppose both sides ought to be satisfied—which doesn't often happen, does it, after any sort of controversy?

* * *

The people who said the breed of horses would be ruined or die out, or something, if we didn't have racing as usual will have their old races. And those who cried out against the iniquity of holding a fashionable carnival in the middle of a great world war will have their grievance removed too.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

Wife of a Noble Aviator

Photograph *Swaine*

A NEW PORTRAIT OF THE COUNTESS OF CARNWATH

Her husband, the Earl, is serving with the Royal Naval Air Service, and is attached to the Yarmouth Air Station

MR. LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD
Arriving at Derby House to attend the meeting of the Jockey Club

Can the Jews Stop the War?

THEIR CHANCE TO APPLY TO CHRISTIANS THE PRECEPTS OF CHRISTIANITY

SIR ERNEST CASSEL
Leaving Derby House after the decision not to put a stop to racing had been come to

MANY of the most delightful days of my life have been spent in the society of accomplished and rather influential Anglo-American-German and other members of the vast and cosmopolitan family of the Hebrews. This was an experience which also befell the late King Edward. I have not met the comic Jews of the funny papers, nor those of American farce, but rather those whose main interest lay in the cultivation of the amenities of life, the graces of art, and, especially, the powers of international finance.

Without pride, but with ever-ready sympathy, these clever, cultivated, victorious sons of an ancient race have each and all convinced me, by some subtle means—which never amounted to a statement nor drifted into the realm of hints—that the heads of their people could, an they would, command the uttermost issues of the twentieth century world.

This effect on my mind has indubitably been gained by some elusive essence which has arisen from the strong personal belief of my friends. It may, perhaps, have been their intention to keep the matter secret; for a people so long furtively at war with the world that is natural enough. Nevertheless, I have felt perfectly assured of the powers of the men of whom I write; I have felt, rather than known, their closely linked-up forces which now form a psychic cable round the earth, and their aggregate strength which penetrates so deeply into it, and their intellectual courage, which, very unobservedly, plays no small part in modern life.

These matters are clear to those who have chanced to study the best examples of the international Jew. Of course, their people are no longer terrible as an army with banners. Notwithstanding the fact that many of them are serving in our own growing army and in foreign forces, you would not say now, as you might once have done, that the children of Israel form a host of warriors.

They are now, like their old enemies, the Christians, for peace—but not at any price. The cost's the thing. They have studied too acutely the problems of life to forget for a moment the size of the money factor. They rule—do they not?—the markets of the world. They appear to the casual observer as a loosely connected body of people who are often jealous of each other. In reality they form a homogeneous force which has this one advantage, at least, over any other large group of men—it is at once spiritual and intellectual.

If we care to glance at the greatest cities of Europe and America we may find some feeling against the Jews. If we go to the heart of the matter in these places we find that behind a hundred screens the Jew holds the purse-strings of the human race. Do you suppose that such a people, who wear as a frail garment to be readily thrown aside the nationalities of the countries in which they find it convenient to dwell, cannot make war or peace?

We have our little armies and nations, but the Hebrew has his race and his religion—in both of which he believes with the natural deep passion of his nature. He will be polite enough not to let us see his feelings on this and many subjects—unless he happens to be an unfortunate example of his people. But he knows his power, and he knows that in the present state of the movement which we so curiously call civilisation money is the thing that matters.

If ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or far stranger things happen, the Jew will continue to use money for the advancement of his own race. The nations at war are now spending it like water. And this, I cannot but think, must be to the benefit of the Jews. I do not know how; I have no evidence. But just as the vast power of the Hebrews has long ago been proved to me without any stated facts, so without any just *præcognita* I know that peace or war lies in their hands.

Delightful as I have found the Jews, I know they do not care much for us or for any other people. Generous as they are, I know that they must have money and more money, if they are to carry out the law of their lives. Which will give them most money, peace or war?

We know there is good fishing in troubled waters; we know that by depressing stock in one market and raising it in another a margin of profit may be realised. We know the Jews are everywhere, and that they are wise in their own interest, and, as a race, possess a spiritual ideal which they believe can be advanced by crowded coffers.

Christians have made the bloodiest war which has ever stained the human race. Is the Jew sufficiently an idealist to put an end to it? A STRANGER WITHIN

"Les Pauvres Ridicules"

FATHER (returning to the Front): "Cheero! old lady, don't look so down in the mouth"
DAUGHTER: "Oh, daddy, I can't help it. I do feel so sorry for these poor civilians"

A Night Attack

BY THE BYSTANDER IN POLAND

FROM Ivangorod I reached Radom. The Etappe Commandant gave me a permit to do by train the thirty odd miles, saying: "You won't save much time!" I didn't. I started at ten morning and arrived at twelve night. On foot, an eight hours' tramp.

At Radom I first heard artillery roars from Opotschno, another thirty miles west. Radom reminds me of Kingstown, Ireland. It has the same stucco gentility; the best houses have the same three stories; the same good Catholics go to chapel twirling sticks. Radom's Jews (Kingstown has none) are all young; have narrow, long beards, narrow long black gabardines, and greasy narrow caps. Many are as blonde as the blonde beasts at Opotschno; half are red-haired. There is a square at Radom with four houses in a block wrecked by one Austrian time-shell. There are four military hospitals. Into the station as I came, came a Red Cross train. *Sanitarni poyezd!*

Four Red Cross trains, all packed, came to Radom later. They are made up of adapted Siberian emigrant carriages; you know that because in place of one-pane windows they have four-pane windows. This for cheapness of repair, the mild Siberian loving to smash panes. The carriages are grey-white, and, crossed by the pane-bars, you see beds, bandaged heads, red spots. On the platforms are surgeons in stained overalls, indiscriminate civilians with Red Crosses, Sisters of Mercy. I like the Sisters. They are of a brave, ugly, active, steadfast, statuettesque type that recalls Turgenieff's Marianna.

I talked to Red Cross Sister Kamensky, a kinswoman of Kokovtseff. She came from Opotschno, fatigued, ill. "I was at the First-Aid Field Hospital. On bad days each of us bandaged three hundred soldiers; on quiet days a hundred. I bandaged many Tartars. They are brave." And she told me this:

The Tartars are Moslems. So when they get the Cross of St. George (Russia's Victoria Cross), they get it stamped with the Imperial Eagle Arms, instead of with the customary Christian effigy of St. George Slaying the Dragon. To Opotschno came Adjutant-General Ivanoff, and pinned the Cross, with the Eagle, on a Kazan Tartar's bloody shirt. The Tartar wrinkled his brows, removed the unappreciated decoration, and bawled wrathfully at his Commander, "I don't want the hen! Give me the Cossack sticking his lance in the Prussian pig."

GENERAL RADKO DIMITRIEFF

The Bulgarian General serving with the Russian Army whose experience of siege warfare gained at the siege of Adrianople proved of great assistance in the taking of Przemysl

I drove twelve miles to Prschityk. This sneeze-like village lies on Radomka stream, and saw glorious slaughter in November. Through Prschityk come from the firing line slightly wounded who can walk; thence they tramp to Radom. Only the worse-wounded go roundabout by rail. Late in the afternoon I started west. Sneeze-like Prschityk told me the Germans had made four consecutive night attacks; and I might witness the fifth.

This night attack was impressive. After waiting six hours, ankle deep in mud, on the high right bank of the Radomka, I saw it. That is, its pomp and circumstance. Until 2 a.m. reigned a tingling silence. Then a rocket. I raised my field-glasses. The rocket blurred. Immediately the western horizon, subtending (I believe this is right) a ten-degree angle, blazed, sparkled, coruscated, glared. The *gmina* headman's (my companion's) face turned green. The fireworks were illumination shells. Then, I gathered, the enemy came on; there was a terrific rifle, machine-gun, hand-grenade rattle and roar; and last came searchlights. Twelve searchlight beams started at once. This meant the Germans were trying to blind our trench infantry.

There was a pause; then another roar. I tried to get to a nearer sneeze-like village, Idrszvil by name. "There is a good road," said the *gmina* headman. I found it so good that four parallel trains of transport were using it at the same time. The rate was two miles an hour. Our driver begged, swore, threatened, vowed I was Grand Duke Nicholas hastening to the fray. The transport-drivers took no notice. Most were asleep. We returned to Prschityk—hungry, cold, sneezing like Prschityk itself.

To-day I learn that the attack failed. Russia's booty was a sack of clay, pushed before him as a shield by a creeping Prussian. It was a drawn battle. Both sides got the sack.

London's Martial Statuary

THE CONTEMPLATION OF WHICH IN WARTIME SHOULD BE CONDUCIVE TO WARLIKE CONDUCT

ONE OF THE LIONS AT THE FOOT OF THE VICTORIA MEMORIAL OUTSIDE BUCKINGHAM PALACE

London's Martial Statuary—II.

THE STATUE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AT HYDE PARK CORNER

London's Martial Statuary—III.

THE STATUE OF RICHARD CŒUR DE LION OUTSIDE ST. STEPHEN'S HALL, WESTMINSTER

London's Martial Statuary—IV.

THE STATUE OF BOADICEA AT THE FOOT OF WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, OPPOSITE THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

"'TWAS A FAMOUS VICTOREE"

A PROSE FUTURISATION AFTER SOUTHEY. A.D. 1950

IT was a summer's evening. Old Kaspar—or, rather, you would not call him old, he being only about sixty, slim, ruddy, shaven, and bright-eyed—Old Kaspar's work—if you call running up to Antwerp for a couple of hours twice a week to sign cheques, lunch, and talk politics — Old Kaspar's work was done, and he beside his cottage door ('twas "some" cottage, that. About five reception, ten bedrooms, billiard-room, plunge bath, squash court, garage, etc., etc.)—he beside his cottage door somewhere in Flanders was sitting well out of the sun sipping a glass of *crême-de-menthe frappée*, smoking a Corona, and wondering whether, on the morrow, to take the car out for a run to the Ardennes Forest or to 'plane across-Channel to England.

Sitting by his side, for a few minutes before joining the younger men in the billiard-room, was his younger daughter Wilhelmine, not long since down from Oxford, where all Continental girls nowadays "finish," the reason for the popularity of the classical 'Varsity being that it afforded the safest escape from that knowledge of recent European history which was considered the greatest danger in youthful education. To avoid being questioned by their children as to the experiences of their youth was the apparent chief aim and object of all parents of all countries in this, the middle of the twentieth century, thirty-five years after. . . .

Suddenly Wilhelmine got up and walked across the garden. Something glittering in the setting sunlight had caught her attention, and she was hot after it. When she returned to her father's side she held in her two hands something large, and which might once have been smooth and round, but which was now jagged and shapeless, rusty and repellent-looking.

"What on earth's this, dad?" asked Wilhelmine.

Her father looked at it.

"Things like this," he said testily, "needs ought to have been broken up and buried, and have no business to be lying about here thirty-five years after——."

He paused, and looked round uneasily as his fingers narrowly avoided getting poisoned by the rust on the jagged edges of the relic.

"Oh, well, if you will have it, girl," he rasped, "after a famous victoree."

"A famous what, father?"

"Victoree," he said. 'Right around here—over that way somewhere—was fought the Battle of Flanders. We're not supposed to mention the matter to the younger generation, for fear ——."

"For fear of what, father?"

"For fear you might be wanting to repeat such 'famous victorees' with the aid of things like this, only thirty-five years more devilish in size, speed, and explosive power."

"What was there about such victories that we should be likely to wish to repeat them?"

"That I cannot tell," said he. "For 'twas a famous victoree in a fight that was fought between two countries that had no quarrel, in the country of a third that had even less."

"But how can *countries* quarrel? We've read that in old days Kings used to march their armies against other Kings, or that heroes of one city used to fight hand to hand with the heroes of another. But countries—that is, people living like we do here in Flanders—why should we ever be likely to want to go and kill people living over yonder in Brabant, or across the sea in England, or over there in Normandy? They don't speak quite the same language, and some of them haven't the same manners or book-culture. But to kill them on that account is against reason."

"Yes, my dear! Thirty-five years of common sense make what you say commonplace. But before that thirty-five years started, when I was a lad of five-and-twenty, things were different. We lived then as now here in Flanders, but we had something that was called Diplomacy."

"Whatever was that?"

"Something that people used to think needs must be if nations were to be saved from things like this." (He pointed to the shell-fragment.) "Diplomacy was that which regulated the relations of one nation with another. Each country used to send a man who was usually smooth and round to live in another country, and his business was to "preserve friendly relations." So long as he remained, all was well. But directly he left, it was the correct thing for the people living in the one country to be called to what was called the 'colours'—millions of them—and to be marched to some point where they would fire rifles, guns, cannons, and mortars against the people that had been called to the 'colours' of the other country. Each 'army' would continue to shoot at the other, when it could see it, until the 'diplomats' decided that it was time for them to meet again. After about ten million human lives had been destroyed or shattered, and ten thousand million pounds of gold had been wasted, and lovely cities like Ypres was before they rebuilt it, also Louvain, and Namur, and Malines had been razed to dust, after all that, to say nothing of the sinking of scores of splendid ships, the diplomats met and made it all up again."

"But, father, why did the peoples allow the diplomats to drag them into quarrels which they knew nothing about and had nothing to do with?"

"That they could not tell," said he, "until after they'd had their famous victoree and learned what it had cost them. Then, Wilhelmine, they sat down and thought about it, and talked about it, and wrote about

(Continued on page 458)

"'TWAS A FAMOUS VICTOREE" (*concluded*)

it, and one day men in all the countries suddenly got up and said in tones of brass:

"'Things like this shall never again be, and we'll have no famous victorees.'"

"And, father?"

"And they abolished Diplomacy. The nations sent no more smooth and round men to each other, but just lived their lives as we're doing now, and as, please God, we'll go on doing."

"And things like this ——," said the girl, looking sorrowfully at her great discovery.

"Will be buried in the deepest hole at the earliest possible moment lest perchance they lead the mind of youth to curiosity and the desire to try its own hands at the winning of famous victorees."

And Old Kaspar took the thing, went to the tool-shed for a spade, and returned in half-an-hour all dirt and all—smiles. VIVIAN CARTER

A Sketch from the Front

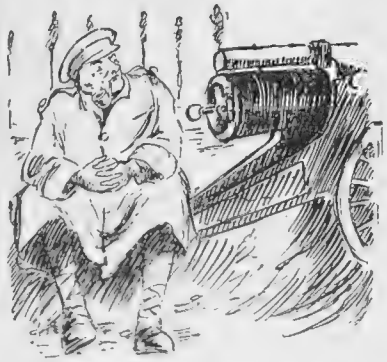
"WHERE DID THAT ONE GO TO?"

A reproduction of a sketch sent home to us from the front by an officer of the 1st Royal Warwickshire Regiment. "I have drawn it," he writes, "as well as I can under somewhat difficult circumstances, and, I may say, from first-hand impressions"

When All Else Fails

Special and unique distinction for bomb-throwers and baby-killers upon whom all the ordinary honours and decorations have already been conferred

A Censored Alphabetical



A's an Artilleryman close to the A——
Waiting for Uhlans to come down the lane

B is a Belgian, interned in B——
When the sentry's not looking he makes the girls grin

C is a Cossack who's charging at C——
He's just charged a German and knocked his hall-mark off

D's for Deleted and also D——
And what Tommy said to the cook about food

E is the Emden we caught in the E——
Though the captain's a German, he isn't a beast

F stands for France who is fighting in F——
And also for one of our ablest commanders

G stands for Ghurkas whose sharp little knives
Make the Schultzs and Wertheimers run for their lives

H is the Hour our troops landed at H——
Where the French girls all tried Tommy's buttons to carve

I is our Island to which came the I——
With his shirt hanging out, though the day was a windy 'un

J stands for Joffre and for good old John Jellicoe,
Who commanded the raid off the land known as H——

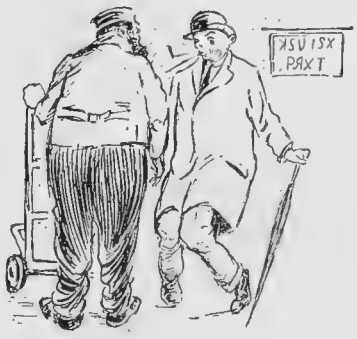
K stands for Kitchener, Khaki and Kraut,
The Kaiser, Kronprinz, Kamil Pasha and Knout

L's Little Willie, who's Looting at L——
And when he has finished, he'll stagger and reel

M is a Mouth-organ played on the M——
And the Mittens that made Thomas Atkins say "Darn"

Guide to the War

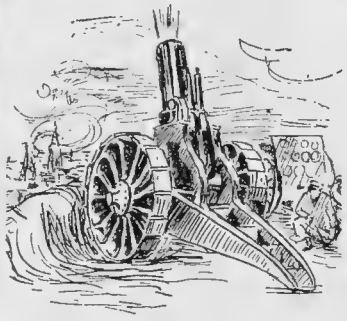
N is a Nurse who is Nursing at N——
And one of the wounded has taken her fancy



P is a Passenger trying to say P——, but his attempt is a "bray"

A Quadruped Q is slung over the Quay,
I'm sorry for him, but I'm glad it's not me

R is Refinement that Rescued R——
From excess of poetic and artistic themes



A Struggle is S for a place in the Sun
At which Germany aims with a hefty Siege-gun

T is a Taube over T——
Troubling the Troops in the Trenches beyond

U is an Uhlan who's Useless and Ugly,
He looks very fierce while his gee-gee winks smugly

V's Von der Tann at our Vigilance Vexed,
It once raided Yarmouth, I wonder when next!

W's cold, Wintry Weather at W——
That Von Hindenburg's long-waiting 10th Army Corps saw

X is the Xamination of freights,
Cause of the Note of the U-nited States

Y stands for Yule, Tommy spent on the Y——
I bet he'd rather been home with his "Geeser"

Z is a Zeppelin over O——
O was Omitted, so comes at **THE END**

A Perfect Playlet and Just a Burlesque

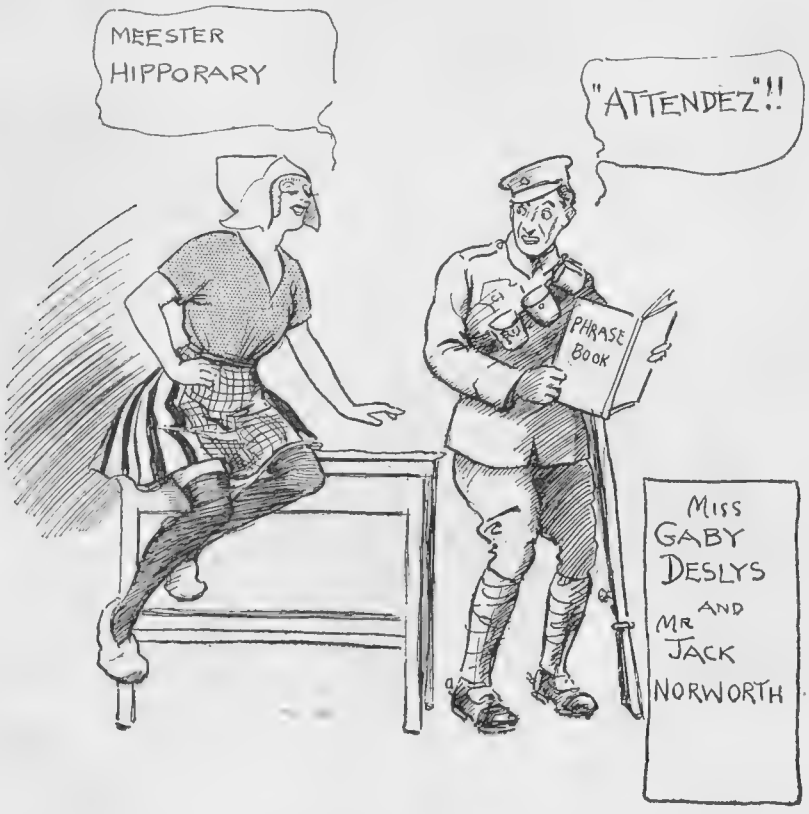
SIR JAMES M. BARRIE'S ENTERTAINMENT AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE

BY "JINGLE"

SIR JAMES BARRIE appears to have a distinct preference for writing his own curtain raisers, and it must be admitted that he is usually able to supply infinitely better goods of this class than can be obtained at any opposition shop. The curtain-raiser in the present instance is a singularly perfect production; the sentimentalising is daintily convincing, and the humour is exquisite. Sir James Barrie has given a delicately concrete shape to the old, old legend of the diffidence existing between fathers and their grown-up sons who have attained the mature age of nineteen, and whose encyclopædic knowledge of life includes the general truth that the "old man" is right out of date. The little piece is most admirably interpreted by Mr. O. B. Clarence, Miss Helen Haye, and Mr. Geoffrey Wilmer, and in its appropriate khaki setting for the times it might even claim to be a play with a purpose.

It is certainly a great play—great out of all proportion to its regrettable brevity.

The main piece of the evening is a burlesque called *Rosy Rapture, the Pride of the Beauty Chorus*. There is what is known, I believe, as a mid-Victorian sound about this title, which suggests to me the rare and lofty sentiment of an old song of my extreme youth, "The Girl in the Off-Coloured Tights." It is understood that the burlesque has been written for Miss (I quote from the programme) Gaby Deslys, and I could say more about it if I knew what it meant. There is, to be sure, a more or less well-defined plot to start with, but by degrees the original story loses itself in a number of displays of the commonplace which in so distinguished a writer as Sir James Barrie are a little perplexing. In one respect at least, however, the production agrees with its title, each to each. The "Beauty Chorus" is undoubtedly right there. Apart from Miss Gaby Deslys herself, there are a number of superbly fascinating ladies, whose various styles of beauty must have been chosen with the view of suiting all tastes. When the proceedings on the stage drag a little (as, alas! sometimes happens) the impressionable man with an opera-glass can find quite a congenial entertainment in the inspection of the decorative effects.



The plot, such as it is, deals with the problem of how to be happily married at dinner-time when the husband is a rather ordinary young man and the wife is a retired chorus lady sighing for the scenes of her former exploits. Miss Gaby Deslys is the interesting lady in question, and her way of solving the question is to return to the stage, leaving her husband and child at home. The humorous methods of this burlesque premise that in order to attain to the chorus an inspiring lady must begin as a mere principal on the stage; and this rather revolutionary argument is developed before our eyes when

L'Étoile Polaire

Photograph *Malcolm Arbuthnot*

MLLE. POLAIRE

The talented French actress, who has been thrilling the audiences at the Coliseum with her wonderful acting in the new Spy Playlet, entitled "Agathe à Petrograd," produced at that Theatre last week

(Continued from page 462)

Miss Gertrude Lang, a young lady of much ability and a neat taste in humour, attempts to sing a topical

IN "ROSY RAPTURE," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE

song while the "Beauty Chorus" above referred to is trying all the time to deprive her of her share of the limelight. The fun is quite good, and as the management is, apparently, of the same opinion, it is made to last a long time.

One of the happiest scenes, which includes a distinctly clever parody of "Sally in our Alley," takes place "somewhere in France," where a gallant Tommy Atkins comes to the relief of a French maiden threatened with the unwelcome attentions of a Hun. Miss Deslys and Mr. Jack Norworth make the most of their excellent opportunities here, Mr. Norworth drawing large and rich supplies of fun from the stern instructions of "K. of K." as to the frigid politeness required of Tommy towards the ladies he may encounter in the sunny land of France. "K. of K." appears, however, to have overlooked the detail that in that same sunny land a corresponding frigidity of demeanour on the part of ladies in the presence of *les militaires* is not exactly a confirmed habit. There have been occasions when, idling in France, I have wished that I, too, had been a soldier.

THE PRIDE OF THE BEAUTY CHORUS AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE

This entertainment includes an amusing burlesque of the cinema craze, and then, as if to show that the author is not afraid of his convictions, we are treated to an entire scene presented by the familiar method of the moving picture. This scene, though perhaps hardly in its right place in a burlesque, is full of characteristic Barrie humour, and its delightful nonsense is enthusiastically appreciated. Less successful are, perhaps, the stereotyped burlesques of Sir Herbert Tree, without which, I suppose, no variety entertainment nowadays is complete. A daring novelty for a fashionable West End theatre is a skit on the tongue-twisting song of pantomime-time, in which audiences, to their confusion, are asked to join. The chorus here concerns the troubles of a man who, asking to be given Ipswich on the telephone, is given Norwich instead, and who, consequently, complains that the operator does not seem to know which "wich" is which on the switch—with more playful alliteration of the sort. The amazing part of the turn was that the severely correct first-night audience could not resist a vocal attempt at the twittering chorus when it was flung on an illuminated screen in the usual manner. This burlesque contains so much that is good that it should be an easy matter for Sir James Barrie to eliminate the duller episodes. We cannot forget his Revue produced at the Comedy Theatre some years ago—one of the "richest" and most delicately droll specimens of the kind I think I can remember.

THE ALHAMBRA THEATRE

The new revue at the Alhambra, "5064 Gerrard," is a combination of fun and loveliness which will be hard to beat. Evidence of the alertness of the management

AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE

is shown by the fact that "Rosy Rapture," Sir James Barrie's new heroine, is already the subject of burlesque. Mr. Robert Hale is the artist who undertakes the difficult feat of imitating Miss Gaby Deslys, clothes and all—though the last item is not a very serious one. The Revue presents a swift succession of parody after parody, which is very successful in spreading cheerfulness all around. A very large proportion of the audience on the evening of my visit was made up of officers of the two Services—some of them obviously recovering from wounds. All these gallant fellows seemed to enjoy the fun immensely. It was as though they were pleased to note that in consequence of their valour the old country still stands where it did.

JINGLE

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Books of the Week

The Good Apprentice—

THERE used to be a plot very popular with the old-time novelists. It was a more or less up-to-date form of the Dick Whittington legend. A poor orphan, escaping from a cruel stepmother or the workhouse, would be given work by some kind-hearted merchant, with, of course, a beautiful daughter. The youth would become a skilful workman, a trusted manager, and finally be taken into partnership on the day of his marriage with the beautiful daughter. This plot, with important modifications, is still in use, and it is instructive to note how a present-day novelist of the front rank like Mr. Eden Phillpotts alters it to suit his purpose.

—In a New Guise

Mr. Phillpotts, of course, is not satisfied with the good apprentice of tradition. The young hero of *Brunel's Tower* (Heinemann: 6*s.*) is decidedly a product of the times. Harvey Porter, it is true, has the most wholehearted love and admiration for his master, George Easterbrook, the head of a well-known Devon pottery; but his attitude on most matters would have immeasurably shocked the old writers. There is something very "doubtful" about this extremely clever Harvey. He does not hesitate to obtain a rival's trade-secret in the most underhand way, and he is not ashamed, but only distressed and angry, when Mr. Easterbrook, so far from taking advantage of his 'cuteness, turns him away. To Mr. Easterbrook it is the old-fashioned "values" which count, but even he is made to see that there is something to be said for his ex-apprentice. As a result the boy is bidden to come back to Brunel's Tower, and you are prepared to believe that he will ultimately marry the master's daughter. Mr. Phillpotts, however, finishes his story in another way.

THE ROSE DU BARRIE

A sketch suggested by the production of Sir James Barrie's burlesque "Rosy Rapture," in which Mlle. Gaby Deslys plays the principal part, at the Duke of York's Theatre

A Fine Novel

Brunel's Tower is a fine novel, but it is not so much the actual story as the various people with whom Harvey Porter comes into contact and Harvey's own character that give to the book its chief value and interest. The while you are attempting to make up your mind as to whether the boy is hero or villain, Mr. Phillpotts is making you fully acquainted with a tiny community, and explaining in just what fashion a modern pottery is run. The various incidents, too, particularly that in which Harvey brutally tells old Miss Medway that she is past her work, are very movingly described.

Napoleon Once More

The publication of Mr. Norwood Young's *Napoleon in Exile: St. Helena* (Stanley Paul: 2 vols., 32*s.* net) adds two very sumptuous volumes to the ever-increasing library that concerns itself with the great Emperor. Of their precise value to the Napoleonic student I am not in a position to speak, but to the ordinary reader their pages should give a great deal of pleasure. Mr. Young's methods are thorough. He has visited St. Helena with a pilgrim's enthusiasm. He has obviously read widely, and played historical detective on his own account on more than a single occasion. He has also been able to draw largely on the Broadley collection of Napoleana. He writes easily and with a cheerful discursiveness; and if he does not hesitate to include domestic details of very trifling importance, he has the excuse that everything to do with his hero has an interest of its own.

The Last Phase

The "last phase" makes up a pitiful picture. There are the ever-recurring squabbles at Longwood and the petty jealousies among the British officers. And there is the vexed question of Napoleon's title. To England he was "General Buonaparte," and the Governor of St. Helena had no official knowledge of any Emperor under his jurisdiction. Napoleon himself does not come out very well in Mr. Young's pages: Sir Hudson Lowe, it is, who, if anybody, is their real hero. But the surgeon, O'Meara, it would seem, has had his day, and Mr. Young sets out with a will to demolish once and for all time the thousands of falsehoods which, whether O'Meara's or other people's, steadily spread over Europe from the very day of the great Emperor's final disappearance from its shores.

A Neutral in Belgium

The war correspondents have been bitterly complaining of their lot, but some of them have managed to do fairly well. Mr. Will Irwin's description of the battle of Ypres was well worth waiting for. Another American correspondent, the novelist, Richard Harding Davis, now publishes some of his own war experiences. *With the Allies* (Duckworth: 3*s.* 6*d.* net) may not add materially to our knowledge of the actual firing line, but it shows very clearly what one Neutral thinks of the Germans. Mr. Davis's adventures as a supposed spy in Belgium make as exciting reading as any of his novels.

R. S.

"Not once or twice in our fair Island story, the path of Duty was the way to Glory.—*Tennyson.*

THE BRITISH EMPIRE

THE LAND OF BEAUTY, VIRTUE, VALOUR, TRUTH. Oh! who would not fight for such a Land!

By FRANK DADD

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"Somewhere in Flanders"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM AN OFFICER AT THE FRONT—IV.

My Dear Bystander—

In these desperate days of blood and iron, when the attention of every human being in both hemispheres is concentrated on guns, wire entanglements, and hand-grenades, when the halfpenny papers will dismiss a murder case with a bare half-column, and when even a Methodist minister will chuckle in his nut-brown beard at the news of a heavy German casualty list, it is refreshing to find that the greatest and grimmest war in the history of the world is not without its brighter moments.

* * *

Who would have thought, for instance, that K. of K. himself is to be found billeted over a tobacco shop in a small French town a bare thirteen miles from the firing line? Yet so it is, and it must be true because the only remaining tame reporter on the staff of the local paper has interviewed him in his billet. It is true that the newspaper man has made no secret of declaring that no human agency will ever induce him to do it again; but I am unable to state whether this emphatic avowal has any connection with the fact that since yesterday his off-side ear has, by some curious freak of nature, put on flesh in a most astonishing manner, at the same time effecting a colour scheme strongly suggestive of the futurist school of art, the whole providing the refreshing appearance of a nice, ripe Victoria plum of the variety that I have seen hawked about on Yarmouth beach. But, then, K. of K. was always strong in the arm.

* * *

My first meeting with the great man was in the main street, where he was endeavouring to break through a cordon of youthful admirers that impeded his progress. "*Allez-vous en, allez au diable,* you —— little rascals!" he was angrily shouting as I came up. He was looking very stern. Over a cup of *café au lait* in a neighbouring *estaminet* he bared his soul, and there I learned that his name is really Jackson, and he is a Captain in the —— Corps. He said he was only two days out from England, and in a voice broken with emotion implored me to let him know where he could go and get shot dead right away without losing any time. His resemblance to K. of K. is really quite remarkable.

* * *

He said that whenever he stirred out of doors every window in the street framed the visage of an admiring female, offers of marriage were pouring in, he had been interviewed and photographed by the local press, and small boys in myriads clustered round and cheered him to the echo with cries of "*Vive le Keetcher!*" He said he had already tried wearing his moustache in different shapes with no result.

* * *

"But surely you have denied it?" I asked him. "Denied it," he cried bitterly, "why the more you deny it the more the idiots think it really is true and you don't want it known! I wish this blankety war was over!" It was a hard case, and I was sorry for the man, but after a couple of vermouths he cheered up wonderfully, and by the time we left the *estaminet* he was even smiling.

* * *

Yesterday afternoon I found myself in that Belgian sea-coast town which begins with the first letter of the reply to the interrogation in the catechism when the youthful member is called upon to state his name.

* * *

It was a large town once, and I wish the large numbers of English people who knew it in the piping days of peace could see it now. I don't think even a Calabrian earthquake could have produced such devastation. Not one single house in the whole town is standing. The streets are littered with masonry, chests of drawers have toppled out of the bedrooms, and tables, chairs, and bedsteads lie everywhere in profusion. Occasionally here and there may be seen a house that has escaped complete destruction, but the outer walls have gone, and a sweeping view of the bedrooms is vouchsafed the casual passer-by without the formality of mounting the staircase.

* * *

There is something strangely incongruous in a large, brass bedstead which is hanging head downwards, suspended by one of its legs, and ready to fall into the cellar if you so much as sneeze, and on the other side of the room a neatly covered toilet table decorated with basin and jug (filled with water), soap-box, tooth brushes and paste, complete with hair brushes and towels, as if arranged five minutes ago by the *femme de chambre*; while on the wall hangs the usual picture in crayon of the aggressive-looking man with a heavy black moustache, side by side with the usual children playing with the usual Newfoundland puppy—and the frames are not even cracked!

* * *

One cannot help being struck by the cheeriness and good temper of the Belgians, both military and civilians alike. Whatever their misfortunes, and they are truly terrible, they are always ready to see the brighter side of life, and never remain downcast for any length of time. Even when evacuating their houses they do it with a stoicism and philosophic calm that is truly admirable, and they are never in too much of a hurry to stop and give an enthusiastic cheer to any English soldier they may pass on the road to safety. I came upon a party of them removing their goods and chattels in a horse-drawn conveyance that had suffered as much as the house itself. It was literally riddled with shrapnel and just hanging together by splinters, and though the thing gave one the impression that it simply must collapse and precipitate them and their belongings heavily into the road if anybody so much as whispered, yet they were

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"SOMEWHERE IN FLANDERS" (concluded)

bowling merrily along and singing together as happy as a family of larks!

* * *

And as for the Belgian soldiers, they are the cheeriest souls alive. I did not expect to find much merriment as I wandered among the ruins of a one-time prosperous town, yet the first thing I saw on turning the corner was a number of them playing an invigorating game of football with a child's abandoned Teddy bear. Others were doing stunts on some toy tricycles they had unearthed from the *débris* of a nursery, and further up the street a musical sergeant seated on a lump of masonry was obliging with "Un peu d'Amour" rendered on a slightly punctured grand piano that had fallen from a house above into the showroom of a sewing machine company on the ground floor. And very nicely he rendered it, too, though at intervals the music was drowned by the triumphant shouts of the football enthusiasts as one or another scored a goal. And this with the "Whistling Willies" wailing in at regular intervals and pitching indiscriminately about the town!

* * *

Familiarity with injuries and sudden death has made them indifferent to the horrors they daily meet with, and a British officer who was "spotting" from a tower in a small Belgian town told me he once saw a shell pitch almost at the feet of a couple of soldiers walking down the street. One was blown to fragments, and the other, who had been knocked down by the concussion, but not even scratched, jumped to his feet, kissed his hand in the direction where his comrade had vanished, and continued stolidly on his way!

Personally, from what I have seen, I can quite believe this, and it reminds me of an incident some time ago in a little French village. A shell had gone through the roof of the school-house, where half a dozen soldiers were sheltering from a heavy rainstorm, and the whole building came down on them like a pack of cards. But this little *contretemps* did not in any way interrupt the lunch of a detachment of their comrades about thirty yards away. They munched steadily on. "Aren't we going to try and get them out, then?" I asked. "*Mais à quoi bon?*" came the reply in chorus. They seemed astonished at the idea. The French and Belgian soldier of to-day can rival his British brothers in "phlegm."

* * *

All persons who have travelled in Wales and have done their thorax irreparable harm in attempting to pronounce the names of some of the villages on their itinerary, will, I am sure, sympathise from the bottom of their heart with the British soldier in Flanders. We are all of us familiar with the British rendering of Ypres, and the forest of Ploegsteert will go down to posterity as Plug Street.

* * *

I have often wondered what Thomas would do when called upon to pronounce the important little Belgian town of Poperinghe. My mind is now at rest. "All you 'ave to do," I overheard the guard explain to the lorry driver "is to cross the square, turn round sharp at the bottom of the street, and that'll take you right in to Popinjay!"

Yours ever,

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BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

The Absolutely Indispensable

WE read that operations in the Dardanelles were suspended because a mist prevented the use of seaplanes in the work of reconnaissance. We read that Queen Lizzie was firing across the Gallipoli Peninsula at an object she could not possibly see, being dependent for direction upon the co-operating aircraft. We read that the splendid story of Neuve Chapelle was first of all founded upon the success of aircraft in destroying the junctions of the strategic railways and the bridges of the communicating routes behind the German front, which held up the rush of the enemy's reinforcements. We read of a hundred and one similar expressions of absolute dependence upon an arm which, three years ago, was hardly regarded by our own authorities as an entirely serious contribution to military efficiency, and a year or two before that was generally laughed at as no more than a gorgeous essay in spectacular damfoolery.

***

The Luck that Held

And we do not raise an eyelid as we read, nor pause to consider whether, in fact, the day of miracles has passed. We are saved by the insistence of people whom we regarded as public nuisances, from what might have been annihilation, and we accept our salvation as a matter of course without a word of acknowledgment to our saviour. Only our stupendous luck, which put off the day of Armageddon until we had a chance to recognise (as through a glass darkly) the potentialities of aircraft, and had set out to catch up to the nations which had long before marked those potentialities and prepared accordingly—only this luck enabled us to pull through; yet we do not appreciate it a bit, regarding it indifferently as the deservedly inevitable happening. We are a great people, we British, but one day something will make a violent incision in our rawness.

***

A Mild Speculation

If it were a legitimate and improving matter for speculation, it would be interesting to know to what extent the development of the long range gun has been stimulated by the development of the aeroplane. The advantage of being able to outrange the opposition is obvious enough; but there is also an equally obvious limit beyond which the advantage of long range *per se* would be nullified by the difficulties of securing trajectory and direction true enough to obtain results, particularly from a rapidly moving object. The enormous cost of these mammoth guns and their charges, might not alone be sufficient to limit their development, because, when it comes to a matter of efficient equipment for our fleet, we don't care overmuch what we spend—outside the A.B.'s rate of pay, which we prefer should be an essay in economy. But if it transpired that the ability to out-shoot the other fellow carried no guarantee that we should be able to hit him because of the distance, we might hesitate "some" before agreeing to the heavy extra expenditure involved. Now that the aeroplane or seaplane has given the Fleet extra long-distance eyes, extra long-distance guns find their justification.

***

More Tyre Developments

Whatever may have happened in other motoring connections, the tyre department seems to be doing remarkably well. During the past few weeks I have had to record extensions in the organisation of several tyre firms, extensions reflecting large business increases. To the list of such successes must now be added the particularly notable case of the Henley Tyre, an all-British tyre, and, therefore, enlisting our interest at once for that if for no other reason; and one of the youngest among the British tyres, and for *that* reason meriting special notice and congratulation. The market for tyres is as full as any market can well be. Only a tyre of exceptional qualities could have won such recognition that twice within a year extensions of the plant have been imperative. The Henley tyre is certainly a fine tyre. That was almost inevitable from the start. It is the child of the Henley Telegraph Works Company, and what that Company does not know about rubber isn't known. Nevertheless, the success is very notable. Congratulations and—more power!

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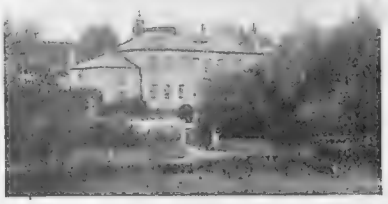

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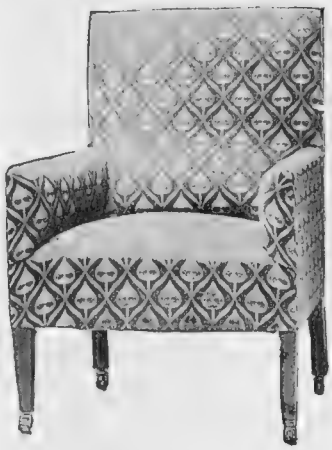

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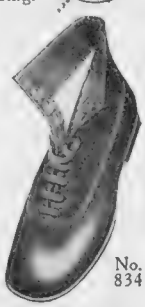

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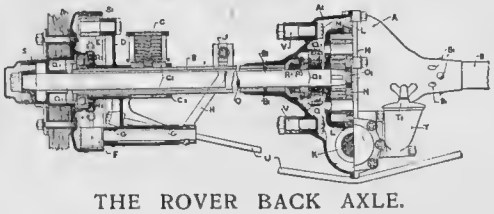

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Fashion Notes and Notions

BY MRS. JACK MAY

The Reign of Reason

DURING the past week I have been simply deluged with dress. Show after show has craved my presence, and I have conscientiously attended them all, with the result that I find that the new *modes*, on the whole, are good. But the *mannequins* will have to get themselves altered. Slouching round shoulders, narrow chests, and the generally frail appearance, which were quite all right with the *ingénue* style of dress, strikes a most unhappy note with the freer skirt, tighter bodices, and the more strongly emphasised *ligne* apparent everywhere.

The woman with a figure is coming into her own again, and the *corsetières* are well aware of the trend to a slight waist indentation, in place of the straight wisp-like appearance from head to foot, which even those afflicted with too much adipose tissue essayed. Notwithstanding anything that is written, said, or seen, we are in for a reign of reason and consistency, tempered by an artistic feeling that was unquestionably absent during the 'sixties and 'eighties, from which the majority of the season's inspirations emanate.

"Sweet Seventeen"

Though she is having rather a sorry time of it, with amusements few and far between, there are still many occasions when "Sweet Seventeen" will stand in need of some such bettermost possession as the smartly simple little afternoon frock, designed and executed by Elizabeth, 45, South Molton Street, as shown on this page. The talent of this *couturière* is remarkable. Her designs, so quiet and restrained, are always absolutely right, whether her objective be some daintiness for a toddler of a few summers, a frock suitable to a growing girl, or the budding débutante.

The example we have been invited to sketch is a perfectly delightful scheme carried out in navy taffeta with black satin sleeves and collar. The latter is upstanding, but quite soft in appearance, the summit daintily rolled over with flesh-pink satin. The straight long bodice is very becoming to a supple girlish figure, some effective lacings being introduced either side; the skirt is circular and quite moderate in width, while the whole is of that splendidly practical character that can be stepped into with the utmost ease. Elizabeth's coats and skirts, too, for the same age are the most desirable things imaginable, nor, with the thoroughness which characterises all her doings, has she overlooked the necessary accompanying blouses. The latter are of a quite particular *cachet*, and have merely to be seen to be coveted.

AN AFTERNOON FROCK FOR "SWEET SEVENTEEN"
In navy taffeta, with black satin sleeves and collar, as designed and carried out by Elizabeth, 45, South Molton Street, W.

Children's Coats

Children's spring coats, again, are in brave array. There is the sweetest rose-coloured Shantung, the fulness drawn into a rather long waistline by a series of gaugings that are repeated at the throat, leaving a small upstanding frill. This, worn with a little pudding-basin drawn black taffeta hat, simply relieved by a rose toned to the Shantung, represents ideal spring attire for a child about ten years of age; while for a child of from six to eight Elizabeth has devised an entirely fresh and original theme in taffeta, trimmed with a tiny corded *ruche* of the same and completed by a plain hemstitched collar of muslin. With this there goes a dear little black taffeta hat, the silk laid in tiny

Give him the ever-ready means to keep in touch with you at home

Depend upon it, if he has the opportunity to write he *will* write. Give him the world's best Pen—

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The indispensable complement of a smart Coat and Skirt.

THE NEW MODEL

These Shirts are made, to measure only, in the MEN'S SHIRT DEPT.

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Little Boy's Suit in butcher blue galatea. Coat and facings of plain blue linen.

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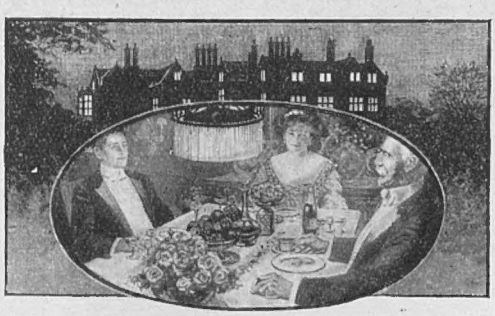

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have fitted up several thousand installations, and in addition have adapted over 100 plants of other makes to their system, showing a saving of from 50 to 75 per cent. per annum.

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flat folds, while the crown is wreathed with small blue-and-pink roses interweaved with grasses.

Elizabeth is, furthermore, ready with quite an exhaustive choice of pretty zephyr frocks. One design that is assured of a big success is planned with a belted tunic and slightly full skirt. But, as usual, she is overflowing with ideas and suggestions, not one whereof comes from any source other than her own splendid inventive genius. She has plumbed to the depths the taste of the English gentlewoman with regard to the dressing of children.

The Value of "Luvisca"

This is by no means the first time I have found occasion to applaud the above-named material as a fabricating medium for shirts, and with my special knowledge of such matters it will certainly not be the last. For "Luvisca" has come to stay, since it has every virtue to commend it, both to the makers and wearers of the smart shirt blouse. That it is entirely of British manufacture is a very first claim, and it has all the delightful character of silk, being light of weight, and having the bright surface which easily verifies the report that it soils far less easily than other fabrics. Furthermore, its wear, after repeated washings, has been thoroughly substantiated. Having said which one seems to have exhausted its supreme possibilities, and there merely remains the pleasurable task of inviting attention to Mrs. Dorothy Millar's original suggestion for a *chic* shirt built of "Luvisca," in one of the wider striped varieties, a cinnamon shade on a white ground, the front closing with large date-shaped buttons.

SUGGESTION FOR A SHIRT

In one of the wide-striped varieties of "Luvisca"—a cinnamon shade on a white ground—specially designed and sketched for "The Bystander" by Mrs. Dorothy Millar

We have grown rather weary of the new square-shaped "Raglan" sleeve, that runs right up into the neck, so in lieu are showing the still more recent "Raglan" patch. This makes for a clearer, cleaner line about the shoulders, and allows for a pleasant diversity in the setting in of the sleeve. For the high collar organdi gauze is used, one of the most adorable *lingerie* fabrics ever instituted with a certain natural substance, set off at the base by a narrow black cravat.

A Correction

By a clerical error, the two charming hats sketched at Messrs. D. H. Evans in our issue of March 3 were quoted as costing 39*s.* 6*d.*, whereas it should have been 29*s.* 6*d.* The correction is now made with regrets that the mistake should have crept in.

A Wonderful Treatment for Grey or Faded Hair

The majority of people when approaching middle age are up against a very serious and oppressive problem, that of combating grey and faded hair, one of the most insistent tale-bearers of age. The afflicted are only too eager to rush from one vaunted cure to another, to find not merely disappointment, but frequently really deleterious results, from applying concoctions warranted harmless and claiming to restore the hair to its natural colour. Others, again, with a rooted objection to dyes of any description, have hitherto looked in vain for a preparation that, while performing all the functions of a complete hair restorer, yet contrives to go to the very root of the matter by purely legitimate and natural means—such a preparation, in fact, as that supplied by Mrs. Helen Cavendish, 120, New Bond Street, in her really wonderful Radium Water Hair Restorer.

A chat with Mrs. Helen Cavendish cannot fail to afford the best and most heartfelt satisfaction to any man or woman whose hair has lost, or is steadily losing, its youthful aspect. She can quote hundreds of well-attested examples of the marvellous manner in which the Radium Hair Restorer works, and her quiet, assured confidence in its efficacy is most convincing, as is also her authoritative statement that it is not a dye. In addition to its value as a restorer, the Radium Water also keeps the scalp clean and free from scurf; in fact, a bottle at 7*s.* 6*d.* contains a positive *multum in parvo* of blessings to everyone whose glass reflect that youth is gradually slipping away, since youth, or, at least, a youthful appearance, in these hard, strenuous days scores more than half in the battle of life.

Easter on the South Coast

Although Easter will probably be spent more quietly than usual, there is no reason why a pleasant and restful time should not be enjoyed on the South Coast, which offers an excellent substitute for the Continental resorts not now available. The South Coast air is renowned for its health restorative qualities and for many years all kinds and conditions of men have benefitted by a brief sojourn on its sunny shores. An excellent testimony to the recuperative qualities and tonic of the air is the fact that the splendid Indian and other brave troops are

Makers of Sailor Garments to Her Majesty the Queen.

ROWE

The Children's Shop

106 NEW BOND ST. W.

THE 'Children's Shop' is Liberty Hall for the youngsters—where dainty little maids could 'stay for ever' and where even 'shop-shy' young gentlemen call and call again.

A VISIT to see the new 'Rowe' Models for Spring is not only a joy but something of an education—there is *everything* for Children, and everything is of the best.

Illustrated List sent if you cannot call.

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WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap Protects from Infection. *4d Per Tablet.*

now undergoing treatment at Brighton and other South Coast towns. Brighton, Worthing, Seaford, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, Hastings, Littlehampton, Bognor, Southsea, Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight are making special efforts to satisfy their patrons by providing good music and other attractions suited to the circumstances of the present time. Their close proximity to the Metropolis makes these towns particularly convenient for any who feel, for various reasons, that they must be near London. The Brighton Railway Company has made special arrangements over the holidays for the conveyance of a large number of visitors to the coast, of which full details will be sent on application to the Superintendent of the Line, Brighton Railway, London Bridge, on receipt of a postcard. The company also announce that at their West End Offices, 28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, ordinary tickets to all parts of the line, and to the Continent, can be obtained at the same fares as charged at London Bridge and Victoria. Similar tickets at the same fares may also be obtained at the usual agencies.

Cigarettes and Chocolates for the Coldstreams

Mr. Arthur Garrett (Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry's manager) is collecting cigarettes and chocolates for the men of the 3rd Battalion Coldstream Guards. Mr. Garrett is sending out a weekly parcel to the Battalion, and would be deeply grateful to any friends who would contribute. Parcels should be addressed to him at the Strand Theatre, Aldwych, W.C.

A New "Magazine" Pencil

On this page is illustrated a new "magazine" pencil which has been brought out by Messrs. Boswell Hensman, of 91, Regent Street, and should prove especially useful to our officers on active service. It is made in heavy sterling silver, takes indelible lead, and is fitted at the end with a magazine for spare refills, each lead having a separate compartment to prevent breakage. There are no loose parts to the pencil, the price of which is 7*s.* 6*d.*

GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING

A British soldier at the front enjoying the fruits of the "Tubs for Tommies" scheme described on this page

THE CENTENARY "MAGAZINE" PENCIL

As supplied by Boswell Hensman, 91, Regent Street, W.

Tubs for Our Tommies

An excellent scheme for providing British soldiers at the front with the refreshing luxury of a hot bath has been initiated by Lady Lethbridge, Mrs. M. James Burn, and Mr. Allen H. P. Stoneham, and in response to their appeal more than £400 was contributed in donations within two days. This sum suffices to purchase the initial equipment of thirty baths, twelve stoves, soap, towels, and other necessary "tackle." Five baths and two stoves were sent recently to Soissons, and within seven hours of their arrival more than 100 men had enjoyed the delights of a hot bath. This "Tubs for Tommies" scheme has, in fact, proved an immediate success, and officers, non-commissioned officers, and men on both the military and medical sides of the forces are loud in their praise of the scheme. The medical opinion of the baths is that, besides being a luxury, their occasional use will do much to prevent septic cases. The baths are being made by the London Warming and Ventilating Company. £10 will pay for a complete installation, including bath, stove, water-heater, soap, towels, etc., sufficient to provide refreshing hot baths for fifty soldiers per day for a month, and £1 will buy a single "tub." Subscriptions should be sent to the Hon. Sec., Emergency Voluntary Aid Committee, the Empress Club, 35, Dover Street, W.

The Menu: Some Everyday Savouries

Devilled Chicken Liver
Shrimp Croûtes
Sardines with Cheese
Risotto à la Milanaise
Croûtes of Haddock
Anchovy and Tomato Toast
Savoury Sandwiches

Devilled Chicken Liver

Pound the liver of a fowl, mix with it a teaspoonful of made mustard, salt, cayenne, a little anchovy essence, and a little butter; work it into a smooth paste, and spread on hot buttered toast. Place it in a very hot oven for a few minutes, garnish with parsley, and serve.

Shrimp Croûtes

Pound a quarter of a pint of picked shrimps with 1 oz. of butter and ½ oz. of anchovy paste, season with paprika pepper. Fry some rounds of white or brown bread in butter, drain and cool. Spread one side of each croûte thickly with the preparation. Place a whole shrimp in the centre of each, garnish with parsley, and serve cold.

Sardines with Cheese

Drain and wipe a dozen sardines, take out the bones; dip them in oiled butter, and roll in grated cheese, place the fillets on croûtons of fried bread, put them in a hot oven for a few minutes, dish up and serve hot.

Risotto à la Milan

Cut up an onion and fry it a nice brown. Put this into a saucepan with ½ lb. of rice and some good stock, well flavoured. Let the rice cook gently till all the stock is soaked up. Season with salt and pepper, and serve with grated cheese.

Croûtes of Haddock

Free a dried haddock from skin and bones (it will be better to boil it for a few minutes in water first), chop it finely, and put it into a stewpan with 2 oz. of butter, four tablespoonfuls of milk, a well-beaten yolk of egg, a little pepper, and a teaspoonful of lemon-juice. Stir these ingredients quickly over the fire for five minutes, by which time the fish will be smooth. Pile this on some small rounds of hot buttered toast.

Anchovy and Tomato Toast

Bone some anchovies, and rub them through a sieve; mix well with some tomato sauce, sprinkle lightly with cayenne pepper, and spread thickly on fried rounds of bread. Serve very hot.

Savoury Sandwiches

Cut thin slices of brown bread (or standard), and butter and remove the crust. Spread some shred lettuce, then some mayonnaise sauce, then some small pieces of cold chicken, ham, or tongue, on half the number of slices; cover with the remaining slices. Cut into rounds and decorate each sandwich with a little sieved yolk of egg.

EMILIA